

Music and Drama

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"—A BRITISH TRIBUTE TO AN AMERICAN HERO

IN recent annals of the London stage, there has been no greater surprise than the overwhelming success, in a suburban theater, of John Drinkwater's unusual play, "Abraham Lincoln." Originally acted last October at the Repertory Theater in Birmingham, brought to London to the out-of-the-way Hammersmith Theater, with which Arnold Bennett is experimenting in the capacity of co-director, this play has been simply but impressively performed and for month after month has attracted West End audiences. The producing rights in this country were finally captured by William Harris, Jr., who will produce this English tribute to a national American hero this autumn. It is also shortly to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint the following suggestive excerpts.

In a prefatory note, Mr. Drinkwater disclaims all attempt to achieve a local color of which he has no experience, or to speak an idiom in which he has not been bred. His negro speaks, as William Archer points out, like Robinson Crusoe's man Friday. Undoubtedly the heavy Anglicisms of the original text will be corrected for the American presentation of the play.

Despite the fact that, as nearly all the London critics have pointed out, Mr. Drinkwater's play is by no means a great one, it took London practically by storm. It was intended to run two or three weeks; but at clubs, at dinner-parties, in the Underground, wherever two or three people gathered, the air buzzed with the question: "Have you seen 'Abraham Lincoln'?" Mr. Archer writes of it to the *N. Y. Review*:

"What is the secret of the attraction of this intensely serious, poorly acted, shabbily mounted play, at an outside theater of which, until three months ago, no one had ever heard? It may be very shortly stated: the success is a personal success for—Abraham Lincoln. It is the strength and beauty of his character, together with the historic magnitude of the action he dominates, which so enthalls people that they go again and yet again into the wilds of Hammersmith—as who should say to Harlem or the Bronx. Mr. Drinkwater's merit lies in the sympathy with which he has studied the character and the adroit-

ness with which he has seized upon typical episodes—his choice being obviously guided, in some instances, by the desire to point a moral in respect to events nearer home. One wishes that the whole Peace Conference—Big Four and Little Fifty—could be transported for a single evening to Hammersmith. They would learn a lesson in magnanimity that would be of incalculable advantage to the world. And by drawing upon common historic knowledge, and calling to mind the evils which flowed from Booth's 'tyrannicide,' they might take warning against committing in Paris the crime of slaying anew the spirit of Abraham Lincoln."

John Drinkwater confesses that he owes his material chiefly to Lord Charnwood's English monograph about Lincoln, a book not too well known on this side. "My concern is with the profoundly dramatic interest of Lincoln's character," says Mr. Drinkwater, "and with the inspiring example of a man who handled war nobly and with imagination." There is a good deal of difference of opinion concerning the author's use of two Chroniclers, who in somewhat stilted strophes prelude the play and also appear before and after each of the six scenes.

The first of these reveals the parlor of Lincoln's Springfield home, where, in the spring of 1860, he receives and accepts the presidential nomination to the presidency. We see him first entering the parlor in a greenish and crumpled-up hat leaving his forehead well uncovered. His wide pockets are brimming over with documents. He is fifty. He preserves his clean-shaven state. The delegates of the Republican convention—William Tucker, Henry Hind, Elias Price and James Macintosh—appear to offer Lincoln the candidacy. The first scene concludes:

LINCOLN. Do not be under any misunderstanding, I beg you. I aim at moderation so far as it is honest. But I am a very stubborn man, gentlemen. If the South insists upon the extension of slavery, and claims the right to secede, as you know it very well may do, and the decision lies with me, it will mean resistance, inexorable, with blood if needs be. I would have everybody's mind clear as to that.

PRICE. It will be for you to decide, and we believe you to be an upright man, Mr. Lincoln.

John Drinkwater's Play Achieves a Sensational Success in a Suburban Theater of London

LINCOLN. Seward and Hook would be difficult to carry as subordinates.

TUCKER. But they will have to be carried so, and there's none likelier for the job than you.

LINCOLN. Will your Republican press stand by me for a principle, James, whatever comes?

MACINTOSH. There's no other man we would follow so readily.

LINCOLN. If you send me, the South will have little but derision for your choice.

HIND. We believe that you'll last out their laughter.

LINCOLN. I can take any man's ridicule—I'm trained to it by a . . . somewhat odd figure that it pleased God to give me, if I may so far be pleasant with you. But this slavery business will be long, and deep, and bitter. I know it. If you do me this honor, gentlemen, you must look to me for no compromise in this matter. If abolition comes in due time by constitutional means, good. I want it. But, while we will not force abolition, we will give slavery no approval, and we will not allow it to extend its boundaries by one yard. The determination is in my blood. When I was a boy I made a trip to New Orleans, and there I saw them, chained, beaten, kicked as a man would be ashamed to kick a thieving dog. And I saw a young girl driven up and down the room that the bidders might satisfy themselves. And I said then, 'If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard.' (A pause.) You have no conditions to make?

TUCKER. None.

LINCOLN. (Rising.) Mrs. Lincoln and I would wish you to take supper with us.

TUCKER. That's very kind, I'm sure. And your answer, Mr. Lincoln?

LINCOLN. When you came, you did not know me, Mr. Tucker. You may have something to say now not for my ears.

TUCKER. Nothing in the world, I assure—

LINCOLN. I will prepare Mrs. Lincoln. You will excuse me for no more than a minute. (He goes out.)

TUCKER. Well, we might have chosen a handsomer article, but I doubt whether we could have chosen a better.

HIND. He would make a great judge—if you weren't prosecuting.

PRICE. I'd tell most people, but I'd ask that man.

TUCKER. He hasn't given us yes or no yet. Why should he leave us like that, as the plain wasn't plain?

HIND. Perhaps he wanted a thought by himself first.

MACINTOSH. It wasn't that. But he

was right. Abraham Lincoln sees deeper into men's hearts than most. He knows this day will be a memory to us all our lives. Under his eye, which of you could have given play to any untoward thought that had started in you against him since you came into this room? But, leaving you, he knew you could test yourselves to your own ease, and speak the more confident for it, and, if you found yourselves clean of doubt, carry it all the happier in your minds after. Is there a doubt among us?

TUCKER. }
HIND. } No, none.
PRICE. }

MACINTOSH. Then, Mr. Tucker, ask him again when he comes back.

TUCKER. I will. *(They sit in silence for a moment, and Lincoln comes in again, back to his place at the table.)*

LINCOLN. I wouldn't have you think it graceless of me to be slow in my answer. But, once given, it's for the deep good or the deep ill of all this country. In the face of that a man may well ask himself twenty times, when he's twenty times sure. You make no qualification, any one among you?

TUCKER. None. The invitation is as I put it when we sat down. And I would add that we are, all of us, proud to bear it to a man as to whom we feel there is none so fitted to receive it.

LINCOLN. I thank you. I accept. *(He rises, the others with him. He goes to the door and calls.)* Susan. *(There is silence. Susan comes in.)*

SUSAN. Yes, Mr. Lincoln.

LINCOLN. Take these gentlemen to Mrs. Lincoln. I will follow at once. *(The four men go with Susan. Lincoln stands silently for a moment. He goes again to the map and looks at it. He then turns to the table again, and kneels beside it, possessed and deliberate, burying his face in his hands.)*

The second scene takes us into the office of Secretary Seward in Washington, in April of 1861. Here Lincoln makes known to his cabinet and various spokesmen of the South his resolution to defend Fort Sumter at Charleston even at the risk of war.

(As they draw chairs up to the table, the other members of the Cabinet, Simon Cameron, Caleb Smith, Burnet Hook and Gideon Welles, come in. There is an exchange of greetings, while they arrange themselves round the table.)

LINCOLN. Gentlemen, we meet in a crisis, the most fateful, perhaps, that has ever faced any government in this country. It can be stated briefly. A message has just come from Anderson. He can hold Fort Sumter three days at most unless we send men and provisions.

CAMERON. How many men?

LINCOLN. I shall know from Scott in a few minutes how many are necessary.

WELLES. Suppose we haven't as many.

LINCOLN. Then it's a question of provisioning. We may not be able to do enough to be effective. The question is whether we shall do as much as we can.

HOOK. If we withdraw altogether, wouldn't it give the South a lead towards compromise, as being an acknowledgment

of their authority, while leaving us free to plead military necessity if we found public opinion dangerous?

LINCOLN. My mind is clear. To do less than we can do, whatever that may be, will be fundamentally to allow the South's claim to right of secession. That is my opinion. If you evade the question now, you will have to answer it to-morrow.

BLAIR. I agree with the President.

HOOK. We ought to defer action as long as possible. I consider that we should withdraw.

LINCOLN. Don't you see that to withdraw may postpone war, but that it will make it inevitable in the end?

SMITH. It is inevitable if we resist.

LINCOLN. I fear it will be so. But in that case we shall enter it with uncompromised principles. Mr. Chase?

CHASE. It is difficult. But, on the whole, my opinion is with yours, Mr. President.

LINCOLN. And you, Seward?

SEWARD. I respect your opinion, but I must differ.

(A knock at the door.)

LINCOLN. Come in. *(Hay comes in. He gives a letter to Lincoln and goes.)* *(Reading.)* Scott says twenty thousand men.

SEWARD. We haven't ten thousand ready.

LINCOLN. It remains a question of sending provisions. I charge you, all of you, to weigh this thing with all your understanding. To temporize now, cannot, in my opinion, avert war. To speak plainly to the world in standing by our resolution to hold Fort Sumter with all our means, and in a plain declaration that the Union must be preserved, will leave us with a clean cause, simply and loyally supported. I tremble at the thought of war. But we have in our hands a sacred trust. It is threatened. We have had no thought of aggression. We have been the aggressed. Persuasion has failed, and I conceive it to be our duty to resist. To withhold supplies from Anderson would be to deny that duty. Gentlemen, the matter is before you. *(A pause.)* For provisioning the fort? *(Lincoln, Chase, and Blair hold up their hands.)* For immediate withdrawal? *(Seward, Cameron, Smith, Hook, and Welles hold up their hands. There is a pause of some moments.)* Gentlemen, I may have to take upon myself the responsibility of overriding your vote. It will be for me to satisfy Congress and public opinion. Should I receive any resignations? *(There is silence.)* I thank you for your consideration, gentlemen. That is all. *(They rise, and the Ministers, with the exception of Seward, go out, talking as they pass beyond the door.)* You are wrong, Seward, wrong.

SEWARD. I believe you. I respect your judgment even as far as that. But I must speak as I feel.

LINCOLN. May I speak to this man alone?

SEWARD. Certainly. *(He goes out. Lincoln stands motionless for a moment. Then he moves to a map of the United States, much larger than the one in his Illinois home, and looks at it as he did there. He goes to the far door and opens it.)*

LINCOLN. Will you come in? *(The*

Messenger comes.) Can you ride back to Major Anderson at once?

THE MESSENGER. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. Tell him that we cannot reinforce him immediately. We haven't the men.

THE MESSENGER. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. And say that the first convoy of supplies will leave Washington this evening.

THE MESSENGER. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. Thank you. *(The Messenger goes. Lincoln stands at the table for a moment; he rings the bell. Hawkins comes in.)* Mr. Hay, please.

HAWKINS. Yes, sir. *(He goes, and a moment later Hay comes in.)*

LINCOLN. Go to General Scott. Ask him to come to me at once.

HAY. Yes, sir. *(He goes.)*

The third scene takes us into a small reception-room in the White House, nearly two years later. "Mrs. Lincoln, dressed in a fashion perhaps a little too considered, despairing as she now does of any sartorial grace in her husband and acutely conscious that she must meet this necessity of office alone, is writing." In this act we see Lincoln comforting the mother of a soldier who has been killed in the war and who is anxious that the war end, and reprimanding Mrs. "Goliath Blow," wife of a gentleman we would now characterize as a "profiteer." To Mrs. Otherly, who has asked him to stop the war, he gravely replies:

LINCOLN. I beg of you not to harass yourself, madam. Ma'am, I too believe war to be wrong. It is the weakness and the jealousy and the folly of men that make a thing so wrong possible. But we are all weak, and jealous, and foolish. That's how the world is, ma'am, and we cannot outstrip the world. Some of the worst of us are sullen, aggressive still—just clumsy, greedy pirates. Some of us have grown out of that. But the best of us have an instinct to resist aggression if it won't listen to persuasion. You may say it's a wrong instinct. I don't know. But it's there, and it's there in millions of good men. I don't believe it's a wrong instinct. I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly. It is for us who hate aggression to persuade men always and earnestly against it, and hope that, little by little, they will hear us. But in the meantime there will come moments when the aggressors will force the instinct to resistance to act. Then we must act earnestly, praying always in our courage that never again will this thing happen. And then we must turn again, and again, and again to persuasion. This appeal to force is the misdeed of an imperfect world. But we are imperfect. We must strive to purify the world, but we must not think ourselves pure above the world. When I had this thing to decide, it would have been easy to say, "No, I will have none of it; it is evil, and I will not touch it." But that would have decided nothing, and I saw what I believed to be the truth as I now put it to you, ma'am. It's a forlorn thing for any man to have this responsibility in his

heart. I may see wrongly, but that's how I see.

MRS. BLOW. I quite agree with you, Mr. President. These brutes in the South must be taught, tho I doubt whether you can teach them anything except by destroying them. That's what Goliath says.

LINCOLN. Goliath must be getting quite an old man.

MRS. BLOW. Indeed, he's not, Mr. President. Goliath is only thirty-eight.

LINCOLN. Really, now? Perhaps I might be able to get him a commission.

MRS. BLOW. Oh, no. Goliath couldn't be spared. He's doing contracts for the government, you know. Goliath couldn't possibly go. I'm sure he will be very pleased when I tell him what you say about these people who want to stop the war, Mr. President. I hope Mrs. Otherly is satisfied. Of course, we could all complain. We all have to make sacrifices, as I told Mrs. Otherly.

MRS. OTHERLY. Thank you, Mr. President, for what you've said. I must try to think about it. But I always believed war to be wrong. I didn't want my boy to go, because I believed it to be wrong. But he would. That came to me last week. *(She hands a paper to Lincoln.)*

LINCOLN. *(Looks at it, rises, and hands it back to her.)* Ma'am, there are times when no man may speak. I grieve for you, I grieve for you.

MRS. OTHERLY. *(Rising.)* I think I will go. You don't mind my saying what I did?

LINCOLN. We are all poor creatures, ma'am. Think kindly of me. *(He takes her hand.)* Mary. *(Mrs. Lincoln goes out with Mrs. Otherly.)*

MRS. BLOW. Of course it's very sad for her, poor woman. But she makes her trouble worse by these perverted views, doesn't she? And, I hope you will show no signs of weakening, Mr. President, till it has been made impossible for those shameful rebels to hold up their heads again. Goliath says you ought to make a proclamation that no mercy will be shown to them afterwards. I'm sure I shall never speak to one of them again. *(Rising.)* Well, I must be going. I'll see Mrs. Lincoln as I go out. Good afternoon, Mr. President. *(She turns at the door, and offers Lincoln her hand, which he does not take.)*

LINCOLN. Good afternoon, madam. And I'd like to offer ye a word of advice. That poor mother told me what she thought. I don't agree with her, but I honor her. She's wrong, but she is noble. You've told me what you think. I don't agree with you, and I'm ashamed of you and your like. You, who have sacrificed nothing, babble about destroying the South while other people conquer it. I accepted this war with a sick heart, and I've a heart that's near to breaking every day. I accepted it in the name of humanity, and just and merciful dealing, and the hope of love and charity on earth. And you come to me, talking of revenge and destruction, and malice, and enduring hate. These gentle people are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly, and in a great name. It is you that dishonor the cause for which we stand—it is you who would make it a mean and little thing. Good afternoon.

Lincoln then receives William Cus-
tis (Frederick Douglass), an escaped
slave, and assures him of his firm reso-
lution to make the negroes free. The
next scene discloses Abraham Lincoln
at a meeting of his cabinet, consisting
of Stanton, Secretary of War; Seward,
Hook, Chase, Blair and Welles. In
this scene Lincoln presents his reasons
for the issuance of the Emancipation
Proclamation.

LINCOLN. . . . My duty, it has seemed to
me, has been to be loyal to a principle,
and not to betray it by expressing it in
action at the wrong time. That is what
I conceive statesmanship to be. For long
now I have had two fixed resolves. To
preserve the Union, and to abolish slav-
ery. How to preserve the Union I was
always clear, and more than two years
of bitterness have not dulled my vision.
We have fought for the Union, and we
are now winning for the Union. When
and how to proclaim abolition I have all
this time been uncertain. I am uncer-
tain no longer. A few weeks ago I saw
that, too, clearly. So soon, I said to my-
self, as the rebel army shall be driven out
of Maryland, and it becomes plain to the
world that victory is assured to us in the
end, the time will have come to announce
that with that victory and a vindicated
Union will come abolition. I made the
promise to myself—and to my Maker.
The rebel army is now driven out, and I
am going to fulfil that promise. I do not
wish your advice about the main matter,
for that I have determined for myself.
This I say without intending anything but
respect for any one of you. But I beg
you to stand with me in this thing.

Hook. In my opinion, it's altogether
too impetuous.

LINCOLN. One other observation I will
make. I know very well that others
might in this matter, as in others, do bet-
ter than I can, and if I was satisfied that
the public confidence was more fully pos-
sessed by any one of them than by me,
and knew of any constitutional way in
which he could be put in my place, he
should have it. I would gladly yield it to
him. But, tho I cannot claim undivided
confidence, I do not know that, all things
considered, any other person has more;
and however this may be, there is no way
in which I can have any other man put
where I am. I am here; I must do the
best I can, and bear the responsibility of
taking the course which I feel I ought to
take.

STANTON. Could this be left over a
short time for consideration?

CHASE. I feel that we should remember
that our only public cause at the moment
is the preservation of the Union.

Hook. I entirely agree.

LINCOLN. Gentlemen, we cannot escape
history. We of this administration will
be remembered in spite of ourselves. No
personal significance or insignificance can
spare one or another of us. In giving
freedom to the slave we assure freedom
to the free. We shall nobly save or
meanly lose the last, best hope on earth.
*(He places the proclamation in front of
him.)* "Shall be thenceforward and for-
ever free." Gentlemen, I pray for your
support. *(He signs it.)*

This act ends with a scene between
Lincoln and Hook, who is depicted by
Mr. Drinkwater as the one intriguing
member of the Lincoln cabinet. The
President tries to persuade him of the
necessity of signing the proclamation:

LINCOLN. Hook, there's a way some
people have, when a man says a disagree-
able thing, of asking him to repeat it, hop-
ing to embarrass him. It's often effective.
But I'm not easily embarrassed. I said
one cannot help hearing things.

Hook. And I do not understand what
you mean, Mr. President.

LINCOLN. Come, Hook, we're alone.
Lincoln is a good enough name. And I
think you understand.

Hook. How should I?

LINCOLN. Then, plainly, there are in-
trigues going on.

Hook. Against the government?

LINCOLN. No. In it. Against me.

Hook. Criticism, perhaps.

LINCOLN. To what end? To better my
ways?

Hook. I presume that might be the
purpose.

LINCOLN. Then, why am I not told what
it is?

Hook. I imagine it's a natural com-
punction.

LINCOLN. Or ambition?

Hook. What do you mean?

LINCOLN. You think you ought to be
in my place.

Hook. You are well informed.

LINCOLN. You cannot imagine why
every one does not see that you ought to
be in my place.

Hook. By what right do you say that?

LINCOLN. Is it not true?

Hook. You take me unprepared. You
have me at a disadvantage.

LINCOLN. You speak as a very scrupu-
lous man, Hook.

Hook. Do you question my honor?

LINCOLN. As you will.

Hook. Then I resign.

LINCOLN. As a protest against . . . ?

Hook. Your suspicion.

LINCOLN. It is false?

Hook. Very well, I will be frank. I
mistrust your judgment.

LINCOLN. In what?

Hook. Generally. You overemphasize
abolition.

LINCOLN. You don't mean that. You
mean that you fear possible public feeling
against abolition.

Hook. It must be persuaded, not forced.

LINCOLN. All the most worthy elements
in it are persuaded. But the ungenerous
elements make the most noise, and you
hear them only. You will run from the
terrible name of Abolitionist even when
it is pronounced by worthless creatures
whom you know you have every reason to
despise.

Hook. You have, in my opinion, failed
in necessary firmness in saying what will
be the individual penalties of rebellion.

LINCOLN. This is a war. I will not
allow it to become a blood-feud.

Hook. We are fighting treason. We
must meet it with severity.

LINCOLN. We will defeat treason. And
I will meet it with conciliation.

Hook. It is a policy of weakness.

LINCOLN. It is a policy of faith—it is a
policy of compassion. *(Warmly.)* Hook,

why do you plague me with these jealousies? Once before I found a member of my Cabinet working behind my back. But he was disinterested, and he made amends nobly. But, Hook, you have allowed the burden of these days to sour you. I know it all. I've watched you plotting and plotting for authority. And I, who am a lonely man, have been sick at heart. So great is the task God has given to my hand, and so few are my days, and my deepest hunger is always for loyalty in my own house. You have withheld it from me. You have done great service in your office, but you have grown envious. Now you resign, as you did once before when I came openly to you in friendship. And you think that again I shall flatter you and coax you to stay. I don't think I ought to do it. I will not do it. I must take you at your word.

HOOK. I am content. *(He turns to go.)*

LINCOLN. Will you shake hands?

HOOK. I beg you will excuse me. *(He goes. Lincoln stands silently for a moment, a traveled, lonely captain. He rings a bell, and a clerk comes in.)*

LINCOLN. Ask Mr. Hay to come in.

CLERK. Yes, sir. *(He goes. Lincoln, from the folds of his pockets, produces another book, and holds it unopened. Hay comes in.)*

LINCOLN. I'm rather tired to-day, Hay. Read to me a little. *(He hands him the book.)* "The Tempest"—you know the passage.

HAY. *(Reading.)* Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such
stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

LINCOLN. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little
life . . .

The fifth scene takes us to a farmhouse near Appomattox, on an April evening in 1865. This scene brings upon the stage both Meade and Grant, as well as Lee. It also recounts anew the anecdote of Lincoln's pardon of the soldier condemned to death for sleeping while on guard duty as substitute for a sick companion.

(William Scott is brought in under guard. He is a boy of twenty.)

LINCOLN. *(To the Guard.)* Thank you. Wait outside, will you? *(The Men salute and withdraw.)* Are you William Scott?

SCOTT. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. You know who I am?

SCOTT. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. The General tells me you've been court-martialed.

SCOTT. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. Asleep on guard?

SCOTT. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. It's a very serious offence.

SCOTT. I know, sir.

LINCOLN. What was it?

SCOTT. *(A pause.)* I couldn't keep awake, sir.

LINCOLN. You'd had a long march?

SCOTT. Twenty-three miles, sir.

LINCOLN. You were doing double guard?

SCOTT. Yes, sir.

LINCOLN. Who ordered you?

SCOTT. Well, sir, I offered.

LINCOLN. Why?

SCOTT. Enoch White—he was sick, sir. We come from the same place.

LINCOLN. Where's that?

SCOTT. Vermont, sir.

LINCOLN. You live there?

SCOTT. Yes, sir. My . . . we've got a farm down there, sir.

LINCOLN. Who has?

SCOTT. My mother, sir. I've got her photograph, sir. *(He takes it from his pocket.)*

LINCOLN. *(Taking it.)* Does she know about this?

SCOTT. For God's sake, don't, sir.

LINCOLN. There, there, my boy. You're not going to be shot.

SCOTT. *(After a pause.)* Not going to be shot, sir?

LINCOLN. No, no.

SCOTT. Not—going—to—be—shot. *(He breaks down, sobbing.)*

LINCOLN. *(Rising and going to him.)* There, there. I believe you when you tell me that you couldn't keep awake. I'm going to trust you, and send you back to your regiment. *(He goes back to his seat.)*

SCOTT. When may I go back, sir?

LINCOLN. You can go back to-morrow. I expect the fighting will be over, tho.

SCOTT. Is it over yet, sir?

LINCOLN. Not quite.

SCOTT. Please, sir, let me go back to-night—let me go back to-night.

LINCOLN. Very well. *(He writes.)* Do you know where General Meade is?

SCOTT. No, sir.

LINCOLN. Ask one of those men to come here. *(Scott calls one of his guards in.)* Your prisoner is discharged. Take him at once to General Meade with this. *(He hands a note to the man.)*

THE SOLDIER. Yes, sir.

SCOTT. Thank you, sir. *(He salutes and goes out with the Soldier.)*

LINCOLN. Hay.

HAY. *(Outside.)* Yes, sir. *(He comes in.)*

LINCOLN. What's the time?

HAY. *(Looking at the watch on the table.)* Just on half-past nine, sir.

LINCOLN. I shall sleep here for a little. You'd better shake down, too. They'll wake us if there's any news. *(Lincoln wraps himself up on two chairs. Hay follows suit on a bench. After a few moments Grant comes to the door, sees what has happened, blows out the candles quietly, and goes away.)*

The scene concludes with the meeting of Grant and Lee:

GRANT. Well, Meade, it's been a big job.

MEADE. Yes, sir.

GRANT. We've had courage and determination. And we've had wits, to beat a great soldier. I'd say that to any man. But it's Abraham Lincoln, Meade, who has kept us a great cause clean to fight

for. It does a man's heart good to know he's given victory to such a man to handle. A glass, Meade? *(Pouring out whiskey.)* No? *(Drinking.)* Do you know, Meade, there were fools who wanted me to oppose Lincoln for the next Presidency. I've got my vanities, but I know better than that. *(Malins comes in.)*

MALINS. General Lee is here, sir.

GRANT. Meade, will General Lee do me the honor of meeting me here? *(Meade salutes and goes.)* Where the deuce is my hat, Malins? And sword?

MALINS. Here, sir.

(Malins gets them for him. Meade and Sone come in, and stand by the door at attention. Robert Lee, General-in-Chief of the Confederate forces, comes in, followed by one of his staff. The days of critical anxiety through which he has just lived have marked themselves on Lee's face, but his groomed and punctilious toilet contrasts pointedly with Grant's unconsidered appearance. Grant salutes, and Lee replies.)

GRANT. Sir, you have given me occasion to be proud of my opponent.

LEE. I have not spared my strength. I acknowledge its defeat.

GRANT. You have come—

LEE. To ask upon what terms you will accept surrender. Yes.

GRANT. *(Taking the paper from the table and handing it to Lee.)* They are simple. I hope you will not find them ungenerous.

LEE. *(Having read the terms.)* You are magnanimous, sir. May I make one submission?

GRANT. It would be a privilege if I could consider it.

LEE. You allow our officers to keep their horses. That is gracious. Our cavalry troopers' horses also are their own.

GRANT. I understand. They will be needed on the farms. It shall be done.

LEE. I thank you. It will do much towards conciliating our people. I accept your terms. *(Lee unbuckles his sword, and offers it to Grant.)*

GRANT. No, no. I should have included that. It has but one rightful place. I beg you. *(Lee replaces his sword. Grant offers his hand and Lee takes it. They salute, and Lee turns to go.)*

The final scene is on the evening of April 14, 1865. The stage shows the small lounge of a theater. On the far side are the doors to three private boxes. Applause comes from the auditorium beyond. Through the door in the center box can be seen Lincoln and Stanton, Mrs. Lincoln and another lady, all talking together. Occupants of the other boxes emerge into the lounge, small groups gather and gossip busily. A young man dressed in black passes among the people, glances furtively into Lincoln's box, and disappears. This is John Wilkes Booth. Finally there are indications that the presidential party is about to leave the theater. The play ends:

(A cry of "Lincoln" comes through the auditorium. It is taken up, with shouts of "The President," "Speech," "Abraham Lincoln," "Father Abraham," and so on.)

The conversation in the lounge stops as the talkers turn to listen. After a few moments, Lincoln is seen to rise. There is a burst of cheering. The people in the lounge stand round the box door. Lincoln holds up his hand, and there is a sudden silence.)

LINCOLN. My friends, I am touched, deeply touched, by this mark of your good-will. After four dark and difficult years, we have achieved the great purpose for which we set out. General Lee's surrender to General Grant leaves but one Confederate force in the field, and the end is immediate and certain. *(Cheers.)* I have but little to say at this moment. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. But as events have come before me, I have seen them always with one faith. We have preserved the American Union, and we have abolished a great wrong. *(Cheers.)* The task of reconciliation, of setting order where there is now confusion, of bringing about a settlement at once just and merciful, and of directing the life of a reunited country into prosperous channels of good-will and gener-

osity, will demand all our wisdom, all our loyalty. It is the proudest hope of my life that I may be of some service in this work. *(Cheers.)* Whatever it may be, it can be but little in return for all the kindness and forbearance that I have received. With malice toward none, with charity for all, it is for us to resolve that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

(There is a great sound of cheering. It dies down, and a boy passes through the lounge and calls out "Last act, ladies and gentlemen." The people disperse, and the box doors are closed. Susan is left alone and there is silence. After a few moments, Booth appears. He watches Susan and sees her gaze is fixed away from him. He creeps along to the center box and disengages a hand from under his cloak. It holds a revolver. Poising himself, he opens the door with a swift movement, fires, flings the door to again, and rushes away. The door is thrown open again, and the Officer follows in pursuit. Inside the box, Mrs. Lincoln is

kneeling by her husband, who is supported by Stanton. A Doctor runs across the lounge and goes into the box. There is complete silence in the theater. The door closes again.)

SUSAN. *(Who has run to the box door, and is kneeling there, sobbing.)* Master, master? No, no, not my master?

(The other box doors have opened, and the occupants with others have collected in little terror-struck groups in the lounge. Then the center door opens, and Stanton comes out, closing it behind him.)

STANTON. Now he belongs to the ages. *(The Chroniclers speak.)*

FIRST CHRONICLER. Events go by. And upon circumstance Disaster strikes with the blind sweep of chance,

And this our mimic action was a theme, Kinsmen, as life is, clouded as a dream.

SECOND CHRONICLER. But, as we spoke, presiding everywhere

Upon event was one man's character.

And that endures; it is the token sent Always to man for man's own government.

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

DELVING INTO THE GENEALOGY OF JAZZ

GOOD or bad, fad or institution, Jazz was born in Chicago, developed in New Orleans, exploited in New York and glorified in Paris. So writes one of the many authorities who have recently delved into this latest manifestation of American music that has conquered a place in the western world. Howard Brockway, the American composer, attempts to explain, in the N. Y. Review, the characteristics and origin of Jazz, but its origin still remains obscure. Chicago claims it, and, according to E. M. King, Chicago still holds the strongest title. But Jazz, claims Mr. Brockway, tho it is new to us in the United States and through us to both England and France, is not absolutely new to the world. He attempts an analysis of this newest musical phenomenon:

"Just what is Jazz? In striving to answer this query, I can not hope to imitate the admirable brevity of the word. Jazz is ordered and calculated noise. It is a compound of qualities, both rhythmic and melodic. It seeks, and with absolute success be it said, to sweep from our minds all simultaneous consideration of other things, and to focus our attention upon its own mad, whirling, involved self. Herein lies a large part of its compelling force and appeal. It may well be that General Gouraud could find the hideous load of responsibility lightened, perhaps even put aside for the moment, as he listened to Europe's jazzing, and that he felt his pulse responding to the virile rhythm, and his emotions joining in the rush of the humor-

ous care-free mood. Certain it is that our dough-boys, fresh from the trenches, with days and weeks of grim endeavor and physical strain behind them, turned to the Jazz furnished by their bands and found in it relaxation and solace and cheer which enabled them to forget what was past and to abandon themselves wholeheartedly to the joyous hilarity of the present moment.

"There is not the slightest doubt that in this maelstrom of rhythm there abides a powerful tonic effect. Through the medium of the physical, it reaches and influences the psychological attitude. I have been convinced of the truth of this fact by personal experience, undergone not once but many times."

Jazz is composed of rhythm, melody and a certain modicum of contrapuntal inner voices, continues Mr. Brockway. But the greatest of these is rhythm. The Jazz band starts out to "get you" and leaves nothing to chance. "It is fairly well established that only an oyster can resist the appeal of syncopated rhythm when it is performed with masterful abandon which absolutely controls dynamic gradations and vital accents." Here is the real secret of Jazz:

"The howitzers of the Jazz band's artillery are stationed in the 'traps.' Under this heading we find all the instruments of percussion, such as the big drum, the snare drum, cymbals, triangle, wooden blocks played upon with drumsticks, xylophone, cowbells, rattles, whistles for the production of various weird noises, and a host of other implements, often the personal conceptions of individual players of the traps. The trom-

bones may represent field guns, while the clarinets, oboes, saxophones, alto horns and cornets furnish the rapid-fire batteries. The range being point-blank, it is easy to see why the effect of the 'drum-fire' is complete!

"The melody will always be borne by sufficient instruments to ensure its 'getting over.' Then, in the inner voices of the band, will take place a combination of effects which adds enormously to the total drive of the number. Here are certain of the contrapuntal features which are mentioned above. They consist of a variety of hilarious effects, produced by trombones or saxophones, attained by a curious sliding from note to note. This creates an extremely comical result. This characteristic and droll portamento has become so well known and so popular that it has achieved a specific name—"blues," a humorously apt designation. A striking contrast is made by the mournful sighing of the trombones in the midst of the joyous riot of the rest of the band. Sharp rhythmic ejaculations arise from out the welter of sound, and over the whole tumult the traps-player spreads his array of dazzling accents, brought forth with absolute virtuosity from his motley army of noise producers. It almost seems, at times, like a case of 'each for himself and the devil take the hindmost.' But it is not so, and there is definite purpose and ordered means in it all."

In support of his contention that Jazz is not new to the world, Mr. Brockway tells of a Chinese festival held at Paderewski's château in Switzerland, in honor of the great pianist's birthday. At that time Mr. Brockway

Was It Born in Chicago, Brought Up in New Orleans, Discovered by New York and Glorified by Paris?

